

Aggressive Negotiations

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Star Wars - All Media Types / Star Wars Prequel Trilogy Complete



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Table of Contents

- Cover
- Title Page
- Copyright Information
- Table of Contents
- Summary
- 1. Aggressive Negotiations

Summary

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Description:

Empress Amidala invites Lord Vader to her private rooms to persuade him to form an alliance with the Empire. Her methods are very effective.

1. Aggressive Negotiations

“Lord Vader is here, My Lady.”

“Send him in.” Dormé returned a moment later with the Sith Lord, and Padmé ordered her handmaiden to leave them.

Dormé curtsied and hurried from the room, and then the Empress was alone with her guest. She looked him up and down, not bothering to hide her curiosity. He was young, she noted with mild surprise, much younger than she would have expected given his reputation. Quite tall, too, and though his body was fully covered by dark, billowing robes, Padmé could tell that he was well-built. But what really drew her attention were his eyes, pupils ringed with gold. The unnatural color was mesmerizing.

“Thank you for seeing me, Lord Vader. Please, sit.”

Vader inclined his head and took the seat opposite her. “Might I inquire as to why you have chosen to honor me with your presence, Empress Amidala?”

Padmé smiled at him, though there was no warmth in the gesture. “Would you care for a drink?” He shrugged indifferently, but Padmé rose to pour two glasses of wine anyway. She passed one to Vader, who murmured his thanks, and returned to her chair. They sipped in silence for a moment or two before Padmé said, “I would like to discuss forming an alliance with you, Lord Vader.”

He lowered his glass and raised his eyebrows. “And what could I possibly offer that would interest you, My Lady?”

Padmé took a long swig of wine. “The Empire is strong,” she replied after a moment, “but with the power of a Sith Lord on our side, we will be even stronger. We could use your assistance in restoring order to the galaxy.”

“What would I get out of this alliance?” Vader asked bluntly.

Direct. To the point. Padmé liked that. It was certainly a change from the ingratiating politicians she dealt with on a daily basis, though the blatant self-interest was all too familiar. “Whatever you’d like.” She waved a hand at the lavishly decorated room. “Look around you, Lord Vader. Do you think an ally of mine would ever want for anything? Pledge your allegiance to the Empire, and I will make sure you have everything your heart desires.”

Vader regarded her silently for a minute. “I answer to no one,” he said at last.

He was arrogant, then. Padmé’s smile widened. Bending him to her will would be even more amusing than she had anticipated. “Perhaps we can negotiate.” She placed her wineglass on the table and rose from her chair. Vader warily set his own glass aside as she moved to sit beside him on the sofa, much closer than was strictly necessary. ‘I propose an arrangement in which you will answer to no one,’ she murmured, “except me.”

Padmé was no Force user, but she could easily sense how much her proximity disconcerted Vader, his breathing quickening slightly as he struggled to avoid looking at her. “And if I refuse this arrangement?”

Padmé moved in even closer until they were nearly touching. “Oh, you won’t,” she purred in his ear. He visibly swallowed, jaw tightening. “I think you’ll find I can be very... persuasive.”

She grabbed his chin and forcibly turned his head towards her. Vader’s gold eyes were bright, and his mouth was slightly open. Padmé took advantage of the fact and leaned in to kiss him hard, shoving her tongue between his parted lips, which opened even wider as he gasped in surprise. After an intense moment, she drew back and observed him with interest.

“What are you doing, My Lady?” he asked quietly, remarkably calm, though his face was rather flushed.

“Persuading you.” Padmé leaned in once again, feeling his breath hot on her skin. ‘I’m going to show you exactly how good it will feel to submit to me,’ she murmured, tracing her finger along his jawline. “To kneel before me the way others will kneel before you, Lord Vader.”

She crushed her lips against his a second time, and this time he responded, exploring her mouth with his tongue. Padmé shifted until she was straddling him, pushing him back against the sofa as she nipped at the skin of his neck, leaving angry red marks. His hair had already been unkempt when he’d arrived, but it became even more so as Padmé tangled her hands in it, her mouth returning to his, biting down on his lower lip so hard that she drew blood. She deftly yanked his robe and tunic off and began running her hands up and down his body, which was indeed corded with muscle, kissing him hungrily all the while.

Vader’s breathing had become uneven, and he let out a soft groan as Padmé rolled her hips against him. She could feel him rapidly hardening underneath her, and she grinned smugly against his mouth. She ground down on him a few more times before suddenly standing up and walking away without a word. Padmé arrived in her bedroom, slid out of her gown and tossed it aside, and waited for Vader to follow her. She knew he would. They always did.

Sure enough, no more than two minutes passed before he appeared in the doorway, still wearing the trousers that were rather ineffective at hiding his arousal. Padmé herself was now clad in nothing but a light slip that left little to the imagination. Kicking the door shut behind him, Vader crossed the room in a few swift strides and grabbed her, devouring her lips with his own. This time he was the one to move his mouth away first, kissing lower and giving her marks on her neck to match the ones on his, and soon he tugged the slip over her head, leaving her naked before him.

Padmé watched with amusement as his eyes, darkening with lust, raked over her. She inhaled sharply as she felt phantom hands grazing up and down her skin, though Vader was not touching her. She gave him a look, and the corners of his mouth turned up in a self-satisfied smile. “I take it none of your previous lovers have been Force users, My Lady?”

Not wanting to admit that he was right, she countered with, “I take it none of yours have been empresses?”

Vader chuckled. “Answering a question with a question. How very political.”

Padmé drew him in for another heated kiss to shut him up, then turned and walked towards the bed, giving him a good view of her backside as she went. The Empress lay down, spread her legs, and gave the Sith Lord an imperious look.

Vader approached until he was standing between her legs, then reached towards his pants as if to take them off. Padmé's hand shot out to grab his wrist. "I don't think so," she said, smirking. "Not everything is about you, My Lord. But if I find your efforts satisfactory, I might be willing to let you have your turn."

A scowl darted across his handsome features, but a moment later he obligingly dropped to his knees in front of her and buried his head between her thighs. She was already wet, and she gave a small satisfied sigh as Vader's mouth made contact. His tongue flicked up and down a few times before darting inside her entrance, and then he returned to her clit to lightly bite it with his teeth. After several minutes of this, he slipped a finger inside her, then another, and began stroking until she let out an involuntary hiss. Taking the noise as a sign that he'd found the correct spot, Vader doubled his efforts, tugging even more roughly as his mouth continued working her clit.

Padmé was startled by how expertly he pleasured her; he was clearly experienced. Through a haze of bliss, she acknowledged in the back of her mind that this was the best anyone had made her feel in quite a while. But she didn't want him to know exactly how much he was affecting her, so she remained quiet and contented herself with only the occasional gasp as she grabbed at his hair, feeling him manipulate the Force to caress her all over her body and enhance the sensations between her legs. Padmé felt her climax building, and soon she emitted a soft moan as waves of pleasure coursed through her. He stood up again and knelt on the bed over her so that he could kiss her once more. Padmé tasted herself on his lips, and after a moment he pulled away to murmur, "Did that please you, My Lady?"

"Well enough." She reached down to the waistband of his pants, and he helped her shove them off. Padmé grabbed him and flipped them over so that he was on his back, and she ever so slowly began biting and sucking her way down his body. She deliberately avoided his hard cock, instead placing lingering kisses on his waist, his hips, inside his thighs, touching him everywhere except the places he most wanted to be touched.

Vader's face and chest were flushed, and his breathing was ragged as his hands fisted in the sheets. Padmé knew she was tormenting him, and it delighted her. She moved back up until her face was over his, and she asked, "What is your real name, Lord Vader?"

"Why do you ask?" he said in a slightly strangled voice.

"Would it not be a bit odd for me to moan 'Lord Vader' as I ride you?"

His pupils dilated so much that the gold irises almost disappeared completely, but he still managed to smirk as he said, "Others have found that name quite satisfactory."

"Suit yourself. Pity," she sighed, "I was actually rather looking forward to having you."

His brow furrowed in confusion, but Padmé ignored him as she sat back, settling her weight on his stomach, just inches away from his cock. She reached down and began touching herself, not breaking eye contact with Vader as she stroked her clit, occasionally sliding a finger inside herself just as he had done earlier. But unlike when it had been Vader touching her, this time Padmé began moaning wantonly, only growing louder as she saw how

tightly he was gritting his teeth, how damp with sweat his hair was, how heavily he was panting.

Finally he burst out, “Anakin Skywalker!”

Padmé immediately stopped what she was doing. “Anakin Skywalker,” she repeated, pleased. “You’ve been awfully accommodating thus far, Anakin, so as a reward...” Trailing off, Padmé lifted herself up, moved backwards slightly, and at last sank down onto his length.

Vader let out a choked gasp, then quickly clamped his mouth shut. “Oh, there’s nothing to worry about,” said Padmé, voice light even as she, too, was overwhelmed with pleasure at the feeling of him inside her. “Not a sound gets past these walls. You can be as loud as you like.”

He seemed at first as though he wasn’t going to accept that invitation, but as Padmé began rolling her hips in earnest, he was helpless against the whimpers and moans that poured forth from his lips. In fact, Padmé couldn’t remember the last time she had been with someone this shamelessly noisy, and she felt her already significant arousal intensify.

“Anakin,” she murmured, heat starting to pulse low in her core once more. Vader groaned particularly loudly. Padmé wondered vaguely when he had last heard someone call him by his true name.

She ground down against him again and again, his fingernails digging into her ass as he panted and whined, the Force crackling between them. Padmé allowed herself to close her eyes and throw her head back as she rode him; she had forgotten sex could feel this good. Just as she brought Vader right to the edge, Padmé stilled her movements, and he nearly wailed in frustration. She bent low until her face was only centimeters from his. “What do you think, Lord Vader? Were these negotiations successful?”

“Yes,” he choked, tugging insistently on her hips.

But that wasn’t quite enough. “Do you agree to ally yourself with the Empire?”

“Yes. My Lady, *please...*”

“Swear your allegiance,” Padmé continued mercilessly.

He gazed up at her, desperation in those hypnotic golden eyes. “I pledge myself to the Empire.”

Her eyes bore into his. “Now swear your allegiance to *me*,” she commanded, moving her hips just enough to have him gasping.

“I pledge myself to you!” he cried out. “I submit to you, Empress Amidala!”

Padmé gave him a satisfied smile, and she began rocking back and forth even more roughly than she had before, and it was only moments before Vader was screaming and coming inside her, back arching off the bed. Padmé sighed breathlessly as she found her own release a minute later.

Once her heart rate had started to return to normal, she climbed off him. “The Empire thanks you for your loyalty, Lord Vader. May our alliance be long and fruitful.”

His hot gaze rested on her for a moment, his skin still flushed and sweaty, before he stood, grabbed his pants off the floor, and left the room without another word. A minute later, Padmé heard the main door to her rooms slam shut. She hoped he'd put his clothes back on before he left, though she briefly amused herself with the image of the feared Sith Lord wandering naked through the Imperial Palace.

Padmé summoned her handmaidens back, and they helped her get ready for bed before departing once more. Eyes growing heavy, Padmé's thoughts started to wander as she lay in the spot Vader had occupied only an hour before.

As Empress, she needed to continue her line, and the sooner she did so, the better. In recent years, Padmé had begun seeking a sire for her child, but she had yet to find anyone suitable. Perhaps, she thought, Lord Vader would be a good choice for the task. He was quite handsome, after all, not to mention the fact that she actually found the idea of having him again to be a pleasant one, something that couldn't be said for most of her previous lovers. And he wielded immense power. An imperial heir with her skill for politics and his Force-sensitivity... Yes, Lord Vader would do nicely.